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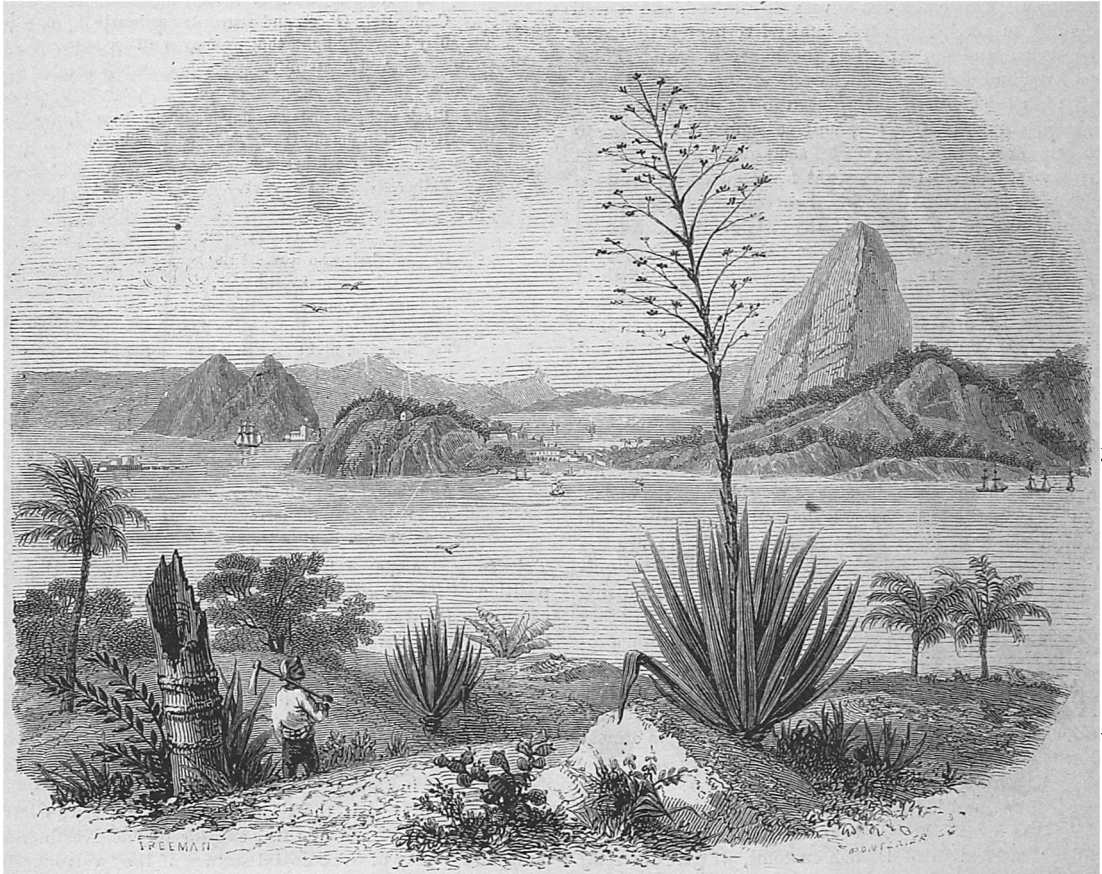
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so that in 1815, when declared independent, the number had nearly doubled, and now is estimated at about 400,000, with the suburbs and the provincial capital of Niterohy, on the opposite shore of the Bay. This increase is partly to be ascribed to the influx of Portuguese, who have at different times left their country in consequence of the civil commotions which have disturbed its peace, as well as of English, French, Dutch, Germans, and Italians, who, after the opening of the port, settled here, some as merchants, others as me-

chanics, and have contributed largely to its wealth and importance. These accessions of Europeans have effected a great change in the character of the population; for at the commencement of the century, and for many years afterwards, the blacks and coloured persons far exceeded the whites, whereas now they are reduced to less than half the number of inhabitants. In the aggregate population of the empire, however, the coloured portion is still supposed to be treble the white.



BOTAFOGO BAY, RIO JANEIRO.

COPENHAGEN.

Nor long since a painful interest attached to the capital whose name heads this sketch. In common with many other northern European towns, it was severely visited with cholera, and death and desolation were rampant in its streets. Nor is this much to be wondered at. Copenhagen was built before there was much talk of sanitary reform. It stands low. It has no drainage. If there be truth in the doctrines so loudly and repeatedly preached by sanitarians, Copenhagen should often be severely visited with epidemic disease.

And yet, on a fine summer day, we know no pleasanter place than Copenhagen.

The old song says—and no modern song can gainsay it—that

“A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Will go through the world, my brave boys.”

And it was with these two requisites for going through the world and doing it besides in a pleasant comfortable way, that we found ourselves, one calm autumnal evening, bidding farewell to Kiel—noticeable first for its own intrinsic beauty, and next for the fact that at its university, the only Danish one in which German is spoken, Niebhur was a student—and steaming along the deep, clear blue of that almost tideless and transparent, yet treacherous sea, the Baltic—of course skim-

ming along the water like a thing of life—till we reached the harbour where Nelson had been before, when

“There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.”

It was a holiday when, after a run of nearly twenty-four hours, we reached Copenhagen. The ramparts were crowded with the gay butterflies whom the sun had warmed into life, and all Copenhagen seemed to have turned out to bid us welcome. Copenhagen is a pleasant-looking place. In fine weather, at any rate, the streets are clean, and were the shops not so very old-fashioned, they would be brilliant. The writer of “Letters from the Shores of the Baltic” rightly says: “Wide, straight, modern streets, with edifices of the same character, and canals lined with vessels, make a picturesque and pleasing whole. The houses, most of them, are handsome, well built, and Rotterdam-like, with the advantage over the latter of all being in true perpendicular. The town itself is divided into three districts; the old town or Aldstadt, the new town or Friderickstadt, and Christianshavn. In the old town is the royal palace of Christiansburg—being burnt down in 1794, but now restored—a place yet interesting on account of that unfortunate English princess, the sister of one king and the wife of another, who lived within its walls. The palace is but occasionally used. In one wing the royal collec-

tion of pictures is kept, and is open to the public, but is not particularly worth visiting. It is more than probable that many of the pictures bearing well-known names are forgeries. Their number altogether is about 1,000, and they occupy twelve rooms in the highest story of the palace. Another portion of the palace contains a collection of antiquities of the north, divided into four sections: the first consisting of those of the heathen age; the second, of those connected with Catholic worship; the third, relicts of the middle ages; and the fourth contains armour of the age of chivalry and more modern times. This collection is very fine indeed, and is well worth going to see. The royal family live near, in no very superior style; and not far off is the house in which Thorwaldsen lived and died, and which every stranger should visit. The artist has the credit of having been in his old age attached to the good things of this life, and passionately addicted to the theatre, in which he was to be seen every night. Thorwaldsen was privileged to find what few men of genius do—that a prophet is honoured in his own country. In his own native town, all that could reward the toils of life, that could gratify and sustain him in his age, he possessed and enjoyed. The Copenhagen Theatre has the finest ballet in the north of Europe. Close to Christiansburg is the Exchange, an old brick building, with the air of the Elizabethan age. We walked into it; but the Copenhagen merchants are not very animated, and the place was silent as the grave. The commerce of Denmark is small and declining. Industry is cramped by monopoly; but even if it had fair play, Denmark could never be much of a commercial country—it has no coal. Beneath the Exchange is the Bazaar, almost as brilliant as such places generally are and where the things are sold almost as ridiculously cheap. In the new town, the traveller will do well to visit the Royal Palace of Rosenberg, built by Inigo Jones. There are deposited the crown jewels and a beautiful collection of antiquities and Runic remains. If the traveller be fond of acquiring useful and entertaining knowledge, there is a public library with 400,000 volumes, and a university with at least one professor well and widely known—we mean Rask. There are literary and scientific societies without end. And last, and not least, Copenhagen can boast the names of Oehlenschläger and Andersen as writers, whose works may be read in almost every European tongue.

In Copenhagen every one must keep good hours. He must go to bed betimes, and leave the street to the watchman, whose song, if he keep awake, he will hear at all hours. As this is the most ancient vestige of Danish customs, we give the song entire:—

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

"When day departs and darkness reigns on earth,
The scene reminds us of the gloomy grave;
Then let Thy light, O Lord! before us shine,
While to the silent tomb our steps we bend,
And grant a blessed immortality!

NINE O'CLOCK.

The day glides by and sable night appears.
For Jesus' sake, O God! our sins forgive;
Preserve the Royal Family;
And guard the people which this land contains
From danger of the enemy!

TEN O'CLOCK.

Master and maid, would you the hour know—
It is the time that you to rest should go.
Trust in the Lord, and careful be
Of fire and light, for Ten o'clock has struck.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Almighty God protects both great and small;
His holy angels guard us like a wall;
The Lord himself our city watches o'er,
And keeps our bodies and our souls from harm.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

At th' hour of midnight was our Saviour born—
Great blessing to a world which else were lost:
Then, with unfeigned lips, in prayer and praise
Commend yourselves to God.—Past Twelve o'clock,

ONE O'CLOCK.

Oh, Jesus Christ, we pray Thee, send us help
To bear our cross with patience in the world;
For Thou art God alone.
And Thou, O Comforter, Thy hand stretch forth;
Then will the burden light and easy be.
The clock has stricken One.

TWO O'CLOCK.

Oh, gracious Lord, whose love for us was such,
That Thou shouldst deign in darkness to be born,
All glory's due to Thee.
Come, Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts
Thy heavenly light, that we may see Thee now
And in eternity.

THREE O'CLOCK.

Black night departs and day begins to dawn.
Keep them far off, O God, who wish us harm.
The clock has stricken Three.
Father, Thine aid we seek, and of Thy grace
Give us abundantly.

FOUR O'CLOCK.

Eternal God, who wouldst the keeper be
Of us who dwell below,
To Thee, surrounded by the heavenly host,
Honour and praise are due.
For this good night give thanks unto the Lord.
Remember Four! we're summoned from our guard.

FIVE O'CLOCK.

Jesu, Thou Morning Star! we now resign
To Thy protection cheerfully our king:
Be Thou his Sun and Shield.
And thou, bright orb of day, begin thy course,
And rising from the mercy-seat of God,
Thy radiant lustre yield."

This song, translated by Mr. Ellis, is said to be the composition of Thomas King, Bishop of Egen in the seventeenth century. He was the son of a poor damask-weaver, and was the author of a version of the Psalms still in great repute.

The chief claim, however, Copenhagen has to fame, and one to which we have but partially alluded, rests upon the fact that Thorwaldsen was its citizen—that there he was loved and honoured—that he came home there from the blue sky of Italy and the fascinations of art which Rome yet boasts, to die—and that in Copenhagen most of his works remain. Let the traveller first visit the Frauen Kirche, or Lady's Church, and admire the genius of this sculptor of the North. The matchless beauty of the colossal statues of the twelve apostles by which that church is adorned, would alone be an ample repayment for a long journey. Then let him visit the museum set apart for the collection of art Thorwaldsen bequeathed to his admiring country. One thing there, at any rate, will interest an Englishman—we allude to the cast of the far-famed Byron statue. It is simple and expressive. Byron is seated, writing the "Childe Harold," and at his feet lies a broken shaft. The museum contains a beautiful bust of the intellectual head of the artist.

Old, full of antiquities and antiquarians as Copenhagen is, there is change going on there. His late majesty allowed no Norwegian newspapers to come to Denmark, lest the people should be affected by liberalism. In the same manner, and for the same reason, only certain approved newspapers are permitted. This his majesty can do, as in the same manner he can, for a time, put a stop to the operations of the Baptists, to whom he seems to have an especial antipathy; but to prevent the introduction of liberalism—to exclude the light in which all nations shall ultimately rejoice—to stop man's onward march—is most certainly not within his power. Denmark is a barren country; Copenhagen would make but a third-rate city; but it has done something for civilisation—it has blessed this world of ours with master minds. Proud associations can cluster round her name—for she has worked for the general good; she has contributed her share to the illustrious catalogue of the gifted and the great. For after all, it will never be forgotten—that Tycho Brahe, Niebhur, Thorwaldsen, are her sons.